

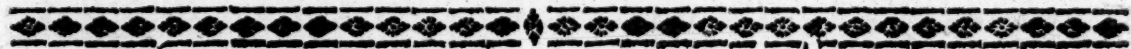
Bamford's Coffee House. May 28. 1771

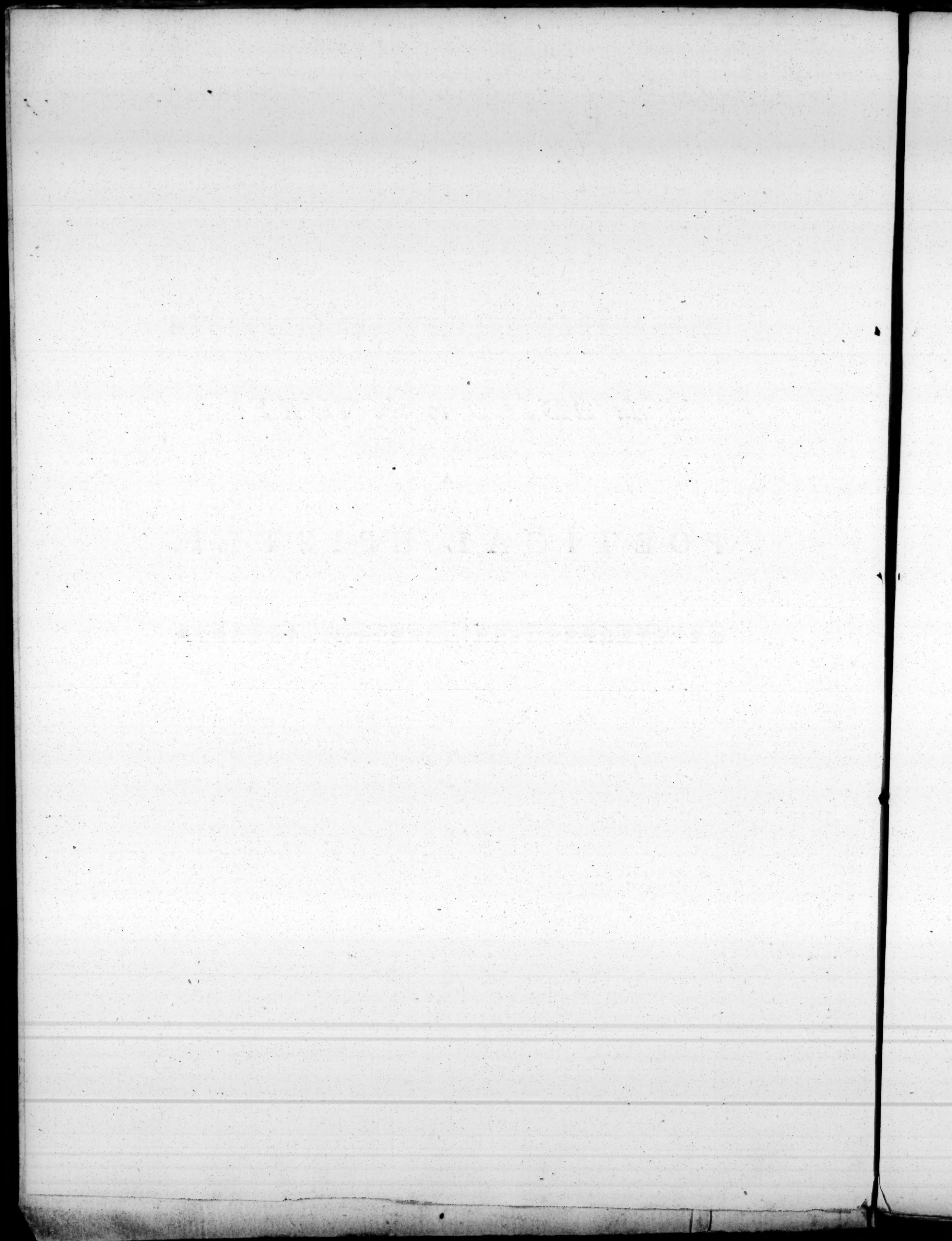


An ADIEU to the TURF:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.





An ADIEU to the TURF:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM

The E——L of A———N



TO HIS GRACE

The A———P of Y——K.

I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.—Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me.

SHAKESPEARE, Hen. IV.

L O N D O N,

Printed for M. SMITH;

And Sold by the Booksellers in the Strand, Temple-Bar, and Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

7.

This Day is Published,

THE FOURTH EDITION,

*Embellished with a Frontispiece of Mademoiselle D'Eon, in both her Feminine
and Masculine Drefs,*

An EPISTLE from

M A D E M O I S E L L E D' E O N

To L-----D M-----D,

On his Determination in the C---t of K---g's B---h in re-
gard to her Sex.

“ ——— juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina, Cæneus,

“ Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. l. 448.



DEDICATION

TO

Mr. *TATTERSALL*.

SIR,

AS it is the wish of every Author that his writings should live beyond the short period of the day, and survive even himself, he naturally embraces every opportunity likely to contribute towards it. Amongst the many which present themselves, that of dedicating them to some illustrious Personage is not the least; and

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it sometimes happens, that the Name of the Patron supplies the want of every other merit, and preserves the work from oblivion.

How much this little Poem of itself may deserve remembrance, is not mine to determine: but this at least I may venture to declare, that there is no Name now existing so likely to hand it down to posterity as that of TATTERSALL; a name as celebrated as the name of GARRICK, and, for aught I know, as patriotic as that of CHATHAM.

Were I to consider, Sir, the present age alone, it would be unnecessary to enumerate those qualifications which make me proud in the honor of dedicating a work to You: but I cannot so far refuse to gratify future curiosity, as not to inform posterity and your Descendants what you have been.

As there is no real credit in receiving from our ancestors, Titles which we do not merit; and as nothing can be more honorable than gaining them for ourselves;

felves; I have the pleasure to tell THEM, that you made Yourself what you are, and that you sprung from an humble station. The first exertion of your abilities was dedicated to a Trade, in which you were fortunate enough not to succeed; but, destined to a greater sphere, you rose, like a phoenix, from the ashes of your disappointment. After a few years, in which, though your Genius might be great, your success was but little, you at last struck out the happy idea of giving that Fate to other People's Property which might possibly have been given to your own. You became an AUCTIONEER; a character which is every day more reputable, because it is in greater request: which has at command the two great principles of Hope and Fear; can reduce the first Families to penury by one stroke; can transfer property more expeditiously than Law; convey the Decorations of Grafton-Place into Apartments in Thames-Street, or the Jewels of a Duchess into Garrets in Gutter-Lane.

Such is the elevated office which you at present discharge.

charge ; an office which shows your Superiority over the rest of Mankind, by raising you above them. But this is not the only advantage which you derive from it. It introduces you into the best Companies, and gives you a perfect insight into every man's Worth. No wonder then, that while you so materially affect the interests of mankind, you claim their particular attention, and that you conciliate their affections while you have it in your power to oblige two opposite parties ; the one, by transferring the Property of others under its Value, and the other, by raising it, with a little well-timed flattery, to Double its Price.

Such are the general advantages resulting from the profession of an AUCTIONEER, which you have rendered still more conspicuous by talents peculiarly your own. When other Gentlemen of the *Hammer* can only collect together Figures, who are the refuse of Broker-alley, or the sweepings of the Stable, you have the honor to attract around you Men, who, however they
may

DEDICATION.

may be disguised like their Grooms, in reality boast the best Blood of this kingdom. These men, who are the patrons of Genius, admire you for that tide of Wit which fertilises every subject; different indeed from that of every other person, as it ebbs at regular periods, and its return may be calculated to a moment. At these lucid intervals, you have the happiness to convert even the gloom of the Bankrupt Sportsman into merriment, and to make the old and neglected Hunter again afford his master diversion. How often astonished, nay how often stupefied, has all Newmarket stood, when they have heard you (a thing so uncommon on the TURF) read without hesitation; repeat, sometimes without a mistake, the names of Greek and Roman heroes applied to horses; trace through a pedigree which would puzzle the Heralds' office; and, what is more, promise to deliver it in your own *hand-writing*!

Having, for the benefit of myself and posterity, informed them who you are, I will now indulge a prospect into futurity. I will look forward, Sir, to those

b

times

times when a *Villiers* or a *Torrington*, having submitted to the stroke of an AUCTIONEER, shall no longer be distinguished, and their very names buried in oblivion; when their property shall, in the course of events, fall into the hands of your successors, and the name of TATTERSALL, supplying their places, do less discredit to a Peerage; when your Sons shall laugh in security at the folly of those who have made them great; and when, through the extravagance of the present possessors, they shall inhabit a *Wilton*, a *Chatworth*, or a *Castle-Howard*.

How much, Sir, must such a prospect animate your endeavours; how much must it sweeten the labours of your occupation; how instigate you to reach that glory that is to crown your ambition! And if in the great revolution of events, beyond the traces of the imagination, it should at last be the Lot of your degenerating posterity to come under the influence of the *Hammer*, to see their property returning to its original channel, you will be consoled in reflecting that

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that your Name will only die by the same means which raised it into notice; that in reality you will lose nothing; and that TATTERSALL, like AJAX, will be destroyed by no one but himself.

I have the honor to be,

with great regard,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

that your Name will only die by the same means
which raised it into notice; that in reality you will
lose nothing; and that TATTERSALL, like ALAN, will
be destroyed by no one but himself.

I have the honor to be,

With great regard,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.



A N

A D D R E S S, &c.

GREAT Prelate! Thou whose bloody Birch
More wonders work'd, than e'er in Church
Thy Sermons cou'd perform;
At whose dark brow, and low'ring face,
Old *Westminster's* affrighted Race
Trembled through every Form;—

But who, when Justice call'd for blood,

And when in act to strike you stood

In fullen expectation,

B

Could

Cou'd sometimes hear the Culpit's cry,

Look on his fault with milder eye,

And drop the Flagellation :—

Attend to One, who, led astray

Through unsubstantial Folly's way,

Implores to be forgiven ;

Who now repents the paths he trod,

Confesses he deserves the Rod,

Or Stoning—like *St. Stephen*. *

Full well you know, when yet a Boy,

Learning did ne'er my thoughts employ ;

But, bad beyond my years,

I laugh'd

* This is a simile of which his Lordship is remarkably fond, and in his Letter to Mr. Burke he has made use of it with particular elegance. “ When all was peace “ and harmony (says he) between both countries, England by its Stamp Act “ flung the *first Stone* at America, and so (the year 1766 excepted) Great Britain “ continued *this Stoning* of America, like as *Stephen* was stoned, to the year 1775.”

I laugh'd at Grammar, Latin, Greek;

I learnt to swear, ere I cou'd speak—

* A Grace denied to Peers.

Scarce fourteen years had pass'd away,

When first I thought of am'rous play,

Of Women not afraid:

For them I left more childish Cricket;

I only strove to hit their *Wicket*,†

And *put-out* every Maid.

Infant I ape'd each manly part;

I threw the Dice with nicest art

From Crabs to Seven's a Nick;

Full

* It is hardly necessary to observe, that the Word of Honor of a Peer is equivalent to the Oath of a Commoner; from whence perhaps the custom has arisen of their being more inclinable to pay Debts of Honor than any other debts they contract.

† As the Ladies, and possibly some Gentlemen, may not know which part is a Woman's Wicket, the Author begs leave to inform them that it is only a metaphor taken from the game of Cricket.

Full oft I watch'd the midnight oil,
 Not over Horace, but o'er Hoyle,
 And practis'd the Odd Trick.

Then, when I spent my little store,
 On my own life to borrow more
 To Israelites I fled;
 From Mary-Axe to Rathbone-place,
 I knew each advertising face,
 From * A, to X. Y. Z.

At length to Alma Mater sent,
 I gave each inclination vent,
 Which Freedom offers there;

The

* It is hoped that no particular characters will apply these letters to themselves, as they are promiscuously adopted by all the Money-Lenders of this metropolis, who never discover their real names till they are written in the Bond, &c.

The well-starch'd Band, and pedant Tassel,
So far from making me more docile,
Display'd an ampler sphere.

When my old Tutor talk'd of reason,
I thought such nonsense out of season,
And laugh'd in his dull face ;
And when o'er Locke the fellow doz'd,
I thought on Hospitals he pros'd,
And Nuns of Grosvenor-Place.

Sometimes he said, and scratch'd his pate,
That no *Ideas were innate,
And blank was infant mind :

C

I cou'd

* Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, has endeavoured to prove, that there are neither "innate ideas," nor "innate principles." His Lordship however thinks otherwise: he has taken pains to prove *Ideas* are innate, but seems very indifferent about his *Principles*.

I cou'd have granted his was empty ;

But mine, ideas had in plenty

At birth, to vice inclin'd.

Tir'd of these sober Seats of Learning,

For greater scenes my bosom burning,

To foreign parts I flew ;

French Taylors first employ'd my leisure,

Italian Ones then took my measure,

In taste entirely new.

To Holland next I bent my way :

But that vile spot, nor land nor sea,

No pleasure cou'd bestow ;

In Italy difus'd to clothes,

I was disgusted with Dutch Beaux,

———Breeches from top to toe.

Thus

But still, ambitious for some pleasure,

Which never yet employ'd my leisure,

To Albion I came ;

'Twas there the Turf arose to view

Olympic Games reviv'd anew,

And bade me start for fame.

How did it strike my astonish'd mind,

To see Dukes, Jockies, Blacklegs join'd,

All Flannel, Cap, and Leather;

To see them, for the doubtful Bet,

Fly through thick clouds of dust and sweat,

And jostle all together !

In Scales I weigh'd all human merit,

And thought nor knowledge, sense, nor spirit,

Cou'd dwell in Size and Bone ;

Far

Far different from the Guinea's fate,

I gave all Virtue to *light weight*,

And Merit to *six stone*.

The TURF was now my only theme;

By night it fill'd each pleasing dream,

By day 'twas my devotion:—

I disregarded every Fair;

More than a Maid I lov'd a Mare,

A judge of both their motion*.

See me preparing for the Heat,

With Seven Waistcoats drench'd in sweat,

From the warm Dunghill rise;†

Then mounted leave the Barrier's mound,

Urge the fleet Steed his destin'd round,

And gain th'immortal Prize!

Gamblers

* The reader is desired to suppose that nothing improper is here intended, nor any other expressions made use of but those common to the Turf.

† This is a known method of reducing an overgrown Jockey to a proper weight.

Gamblers combin'd, eye'd me with wonder,

And bade me share th'expected plunder;

While, white with hoary years

Old Pond† wou'd bless my rising youth,

Then raise his hands, and swear that Truth

Might now be found in Peers——

And when I trac'd o'er Heber's line,

And found my name conspicuous shine,

By Victory approv'd;

Methought I saw all Studs surrender,

Beat by Potooooooooo, or Pretender,

——A name I always lov'd.

† A Pond in which many people at Newmarket have funk, and who, when taken out, have bid defiance to all the attempts of the Society for the recovery of Drowned Persons.

In short, how shamefully I ran

Thro' every scene degrading Man,

Black **Shark* himself can tell :

And, as if short, too short, the day,

I fought still deeper scenes of play,

And clos'd the night in—*Hell*.†

But when ill-fate, my spirits sinking,

Left me some room for serious thinking,

I curs'd th'uncertain Gods;

And moralis'd on such strange things,

Which now make Beggars, now make Kings,

So much against the Odds,

Which

† A Poet in which many people at Newmarket have sunk, and who, when taken
* It is the same thing whether you mention the name of this Gentleman, or his
Horse, as it is a name common to both.

† This is not metaphorical, but realis'd at Newmarket.

Which raise so oft the Lords of Earth

To honours not ally'd to Birth,

Which Ancestry ne'er gave ;

When sudden breaks the Stirrup-leather,

And down fall Horse and Man together :

——“ *Fame leads but to the grave.*”

All Conquests, Honors, Races won,

Which have made some, and some undone,

No perfect blifs bestow ;

To highest raptures pains succeed,

And Wealth, and Virtue's flattering meed

Tend to one general woe.

I saw, in rich Newmarket state,

I saw three Sweepstakes and a Plate

By *Grosvenor* carried home.

What :

What finds he there ? * A strumpet Wife

Blasting the sweets of wedded life,

And Children not his own.

I saw great *Ancafter's* proud blood,

Though cross'd with Tommy Panton's stud,

And Master of the Horse,

Lament his Son's degenerate mind,

Who, to his kindred glory blind,

Now takes another *Course*.

And Kelly too, whom from the stars

Great Venus smiles on, as her Mars,

And her own Priest ordains him,

Still grieves to find himself unable

To cleanse the foul Augæan stable,

For which his Wife maintains him.

One

* This seems a mistake, as her Ladyship was generally found at every other place but —home.

One day, as cros the galled back
 Of starv'd and scientific Hack,
 I rode in meditation,
 Revolving thus th'uncertain doom
 Of things past, present, and to come,
 Like Jove,——in Pope's translation,

I started——when I saw before me
 Old *Shafte* rise in all his glory,
 As once on earth he shone;
 From head to heel all Dog-skin Leather,
 He seem'd no heavier than a feather,
 Wasted to skin and bone.

In courteous guise I wav'd my hand,
 To make the Jockey Spectre stand,
 And say, why hither led

He left the happier realms below?

—When, as in thought, he knit his brow,

And silent shook his head.—

“ Answer me, gentle Ghost,” I cry’d,

“ O say, shall Fortune on my side

“ Propitious still attend?

“ Shall *Faro* yet successful prove,

“ *Faro*, which Devils themselves might love;

“ —Shall *Hazard* be my friend?

“ Or, dearer still, say, shall my Stud

“ Boast a superior strength and blood,

“ Which *Offery* cannot beat?

“ Shall ABINGDON’s victorious name

“ Shine foremost on the lists of fame,

“ Winner of every Plate?

“ Speak

“ Speak—if there yet remains a breath

“ Preserv’d from Suicide and death,

“ Shall I be blest, or curst ?

“ Say, shall I first, or last come in ;

“ Shall I hereafter lose, or win ;

——“ Speak—I wou’d know the worst ? ”

Anxious I waited a reply,

When, lo ! to my astonish’d eye

The form did straight unroll ;

Where, drawn in characters of flame,

I saw old Weatherby’s long name

Inscribe the mystic scroll.

I saw, O painful to relate !

I saw all my Newmarket fate

Display’d through many a year :

I saw

I saw each conqu'ring Horse turn jade,
 —Whilst in the picture's farthest shade
 Old * *Larkin* dropp'd a tear.

So, on the bare and blasted heath,
 When the *weird* Sisters hail'd Macbeth,
 With promises to come;
 Strange visions through the gloom of night,
 Fleeting before his aching fight,
 Shew'd him his ill-tim'd doom.

This fight, which mark'd my future fate,
 Bade me, ere yet it were too late,
 My former life amend.

To

* A gentleman well known on the Turf for training Horses.—Nothing else can be said about him.

To the dear Turf I bid adieu;

I bow to Politics, and You,

Their Father, and their Friend.

O Thou, or Statesman or Archbishop !

Who Treaties, Sermons, Pamphlets dish up,

By Ministers well plac'd

Our simpler food to take away,

And suit the fauce of Kingly Sway

To ev'ry Briton's taste ;—

Forgive me, if, when first set out,

I could not find the right road out,

But blunder'd, and was lost ;

And if, impatient of command,

My youthful steed flipp'd through my hand,

And *ran wrong side the post.*

F

Forgive

Forgive, if fearless of the **Rod*,

In foul Rebellion's paths I trod,

And *Burke* himself surpass'd there;

Sing'd your white head with flames of treason,

Wrote Pamphlets without rhyme or reason,

And scandalis'd my Master—

'Tis true the Mob admir'd my sense;

Wilkes prais'd my wit and impudence,

And talk'd of me with wonder:

Like *Carlisle's* verse,† the name of Peer

From critic quicksands kept me clear,

And sanctify'd each blunder.

Old

* His Lordship never forgets this: it is always uppermost in his mind. He tells us in his Pamphlet — “ It is a smack which he cannot forget, and which the Archbishop gave him reason to remember when he was at Westminster-School. ”

† Vide his Poems on Lap-dogs, &c. &c.

Old H*****n approv'd my pen ;

But still declares Women beat Men,

Whatever things they deal in :

Says, that he knows all fine sensation

In female bosoms takes its station,

And best excites our feeling.

C——s B——y, cornuted Knight,

To show he thinks my Pamphlet right,

His eloquence employs :

With the fond care a Parent proves,

He would protect the thing he loves,

And keep untax'd—his Boys.*

Sawbridge and Townsend, and old Glynn,

And all those Wishers to come in,

Try'd to make me their bubble ;

Cry'd,

* Vide his Speech in the House of Commons on the tax of Servants, where he was very anxious for keeping Boys under fifteen years of age without paying for them.

Cry'd, " Let Him write—these Author-Peers

" Will snatch from Pillories our ears,

" And save the Law its trouble."

Such Patriotism made me doubt it,

Prais'd as I was by men without it,

Or wit, or penetration ;

I look'd, as looks the Man of Sense,

When Bankrupt ^{***}(a) rails at expence,

And seems to dread Taxation.

Take me then, Master of my Youth ;

I will not here speak an untruth,

Not even in a trope :

I mean

(a) It has been well observed that this Gentleman, in all his speeches on the tax of Land or Houses, is really one of the most disinterested Members of the whole House, as it is impossible he should ever be incommoded by either of them.

I mean with Ministers to side;
Be Thou my Counsel, Thou my Guide,
And give my genius scope.

I'll write, I'll talk—but ne'er **protest*;
I'll do whatever You think best—

—Unswear whate'er I swore;
Raife high the Right divine of Kings,
Damn Liberty, and such mean things;
—And what can Man do more?

Under your Sword Ecclesiastic,
I'll shew America a vast trick,
And turn on Her the joke;
I'll cut Prince *Washington* in two,
Give *Silas Deane*, and *Franklin* too,
A new Electric stroke.

G

Thou

* If his Lordship keeps his word, his Bill-holders at Newmarket, and some fashionable Clubs, will have reason to think themselves very fortunate

Thou then, O *Turf!* and thou, O *Hell!*
Receive a Jockey's last farewell,

Of pleasures past the pledge ;

And, since the Chances show no favour,

Think not this comical behaviour,

Nor blame me for **the Hedge.*

And You, who fill'd the place of Wife,

Adieu, ye Partners of my Life,

Each gen'rous well-train'd Horse !

Adieu, thou fav'rite occupation !

Heaven lifts me to an higher station,

And points to our divorce.

Ye *Grosvenors, Graftons, Framptons, †Timms,*

All who have join'd my youthful whims,

Ye Parsons, Peers, and Grooms !

Long

* A term on the Turf, for getting off a bad bargain as well as you can.

† We hope these Gentlemen will not be offended with seeing Mr. Timms in their company, as it is not the first time he has been there.

Long as you live, enjoy the Turf,
And lightly lie that once-lov'd earth
Unfading o'er your tombs.

And Thou, fair Lady Bamfylde too,
Whose beauties even in a Jew
Some pity might create,
With hungry Creditors prevail,
Stop *Christie* in the act of sale,
And bid his Hammer wait.

For me—ordain'd by heaven's command
To write, and save this finking Land,
Some Genius sends me forth;
I burn with all an Author's zeal——
——Some unknown, unseen Charm I feel,
And turn from **South*, to *North*.

So

* Mr. South, a celebrated Jockey, who has acquired as much fame in managing the Reins at Newmarket, as Lord North in directing those of the State.

So when, by winds tempestuous tost,
 The Needle's wonted power seems lost,
 And Landmen would despair;
 Drawn by a force which none e'er knew,
 To its attractive Pole still true,
 It turns, and fixes there.

T H E E N D.

